

THE COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FILE

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Hymn to Truth

As Northern Star in brilliant sky,
To harbor fair in land afar
The mariner doth guide aright,
So truth, thou are to me.

Like magic dial on convent wall
To learned monks and friars meek
The path of Phoebus daily tells,
So truth, thou art to me.

As heirloom bright of noble race,
That ne'er in dust did ever lay ;
As lily white in garden fair,
So truth, thou are to me.

Like violet blue in shady nook,
Enchanted mead, or lowly vale,
'Mid tainted race of Adam's kin,
So truth, thou art to me.

Thomas Grotenthaler, '28

Present-Day Morality Plays

The English Morality plays may be traced back definitely to the year 1375. That they were among the chief agencies that paved the way for the more masterful dramas of Shakespeare is a fact well known even to the most amateurish adventurer in the field of letters. Being plainly superior to the old Mystery and Miracle plays in liveliness of action, in depth of emotion, and in portrayal of character, the Moralities soon made their way to the forefront of popular favor.

New enthusiasm was awakened among people generally by the advent of the Moralities, for in them the members of an audience realized a larger emotional freedom, experienced a more genial atmosphere, and saw more occasions for the display of genuine humor and for the making of real fun, though the latter was quite often crude and boisterous in nature. The players, to be sure, were still veiled in the pseudo-garb of mere abstractions, yet a startling bit of realism was frequently introduced that could not fail to make a deep impression and evoke an abiding response in the case of all those who witnessed the plays.

To unfold human life in its entirety was a mission not granted to the early playwrights who constructed the first Moralities. Without reliable guides and examples to point out the way, they were necessarily pioneers whose unenviable task it was to grope their way through the dense maze of human emotions ever hoping for a lucky hit in their attempts to exhibit human life on the stage, but only too often finding that they had missed their aim. But the uncertain steps of the pioneer are a positive prerequisite in every department of whatever kind of

human activity if progress is to be made. His mistakes are the signboards that point out the roads to failure; his successes similarly are the signboards that point out the avenues that lead to triumph.

In order that they might serve as beacon lights to warn him, the successes and failures of the playwrights who had produced the old Moralities were carefully noted by our rather modern dramatist, Rann C. Kennedy, who took up the thread that long lay broken and succeeded by rare skill and ingenuity to make the Moralities flourish once more on the stage, but in a garb surprisingly new, exceedingly neat, and decidedly more pleasing than that in which the old Moralities were presented. The mischievous demon parading in a costume of flaming red and threateningly brandishing a wicked prong is no longer to be seen in Kennedy's modern Moralities. In his place the criminal, the rascal, the moron, as found in actual human life, are exhibited, and, that, too, in the vices to which they are addicted. Properly excoriated by the lashings which they deserve, they stand before the audience as object lessons from which every individual may learn what is in store for him if he submits to the control of vice.

Although the glow of piety which shines so congenially through the wording and structure of the old Moralities is somewhat abated in the plays of Kennedy, he has, nevertheless, more than made up for this defect by adding force, naturalness, and artistry to his thoroughly worthy presentations. In order to gauge his merit as a playwright, and to understand him fully, a brief review of several of his plays will be well to the purpose. Naturally the minds of those who have witnessed Kennedy's plays will, upon recalling them, inevitably turn to contemplating "The Terrible Meek."

A Christian play for Christian people, such is "The Terrible Meek" in aim, character, and situation. The construction of the play embraces a vivid dramatic idea that centers in a complex emotion. This emotion combines profound pity and stinging remorse. The lesson grows into startling clearness. A remarkable dignity characterizes the action from the opening to the close of the play. Rigid unity and brevity, so positively necessary to any one-act play, combine to produce a picture on the mind of the reader or listener clear as an etching. The dialogue in the play is terse, pointed, and carries the action onward rapidly. A captain and a soldier on guard are the chief persons in this drama. Carefully introduced, and as it were by mere accident, a woman is ushered into the scene who has little to say, but the few remarks that come from her send an arrow of grief to the hearts of all spectators.

In delineation of character there is nothing like a comparison possible between the work of Kennedy and that of the old Moralities. Here in "The Terrible Meek" the captain, who impersonates Longinus; the guardsman, whose position is that of a Roman soldier; and the woman, who represents the Virgin Mary, all grouped about Christ dying on the tree of the cross, show a naturalness in bearing and speech that readily creates a scene of tense awe and solemn wonder. There is nothing present that could even remotely suggest the anemic, lifeless, statuette-like characters of the older plays.

To bring home to the minds of people the wickedness and malice of injustice is the theme and purpose of this powerful and candid drama. No one can witness this play without feeling the force of its lesson. There is a beauty in its lesson, a clean sweetness about its characters, and a dramatic

literary excellence in its lines that fully allow the play to be styled a scenic cameo among all the vast array of stage productions.

In another of his plays Kennedy pounces upon social evils with all the ferocity characteristic of historic moral reformers. The attitude toward life as shown by the characters in "Evils of the Day" cannot fail to recall to the mind of a witness or a reader the following lines from "Hudibras:"

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning them that have no mind to."

People who have voluntarily or otherwise allowed themselves to become victims of social delinquencies will find their fate nicely illustrated in the punishment that overtakes the characters in this play, and furthermore, will find themselves seriously warned of the accursed and detestable consequences that will surely come to be their portion because of the kind of lives they are leading.

Thus in another one-act play, Kennedy drives home a lesson that is worthy of serious notice by people in general. No one can fail to see his own life mirrored, in this or that particular shortcoming, in the carefully-drawn, developing characters. Here is a young man, who, like the prodigal in the parable, is called back from a life of evil to a life of virtue; here is a young woman, who is strengthened in virtue and holiness; here are father and mother, who are informed of the duty that rests upon them in relation to their children. Briefly, this sketchy little drama may very properly be termed a call for clean and right living.

To show the world that a very beautiful modern Morality play could be given in five acts as well as in one act, Kennedy labored long and hard, but successfully in bringing out "The Servant in the House."

Certainly this could not have been his only motive, as he shows himself quite as thoroughly earnest and serious in this play as he does in any other play that has come from his pen. It would be a difficult task to unearth another play in the entire realm of the drama that might be said to equal "The Servant in the House" in teaching the beautiful lesson of neighborly love and friendship. While seeing or reading this play, the words of S. W. Foss will readily rise in one's memory:

"I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Nor hurl the cynic's ban;
But let me live in the house by the side of the
road
And be a friend to man."

Yes, be a friend to man; speak to him; treat him considerately; act toward him like a brother; such, in brief, is the moral suggested by this drama.

The plot is woven about the home and family life of a minister of religion. Stinging rebukes are liberally administered when ever selfish and unchristian conduct toward a downtrodden brother comes into evidence. The action is not hampered by episodes. All acts and scenes unite in pushing the plot to a rapid and bewildering climax. Who in an audience witnessing this play would not be surprised at seeing the "Servant," who at first fills the role of an ordinary domestic, then that of Bishop of Benares, reveal himself as Christ? Who would not experience a sentiment of keen satisfaction at seeing the "Servant," who now impersonates Christ, drive out of the house whatever of iniquity and injustice he discovers there? The lesson comprised in the words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is taught with all the vigor and incisiveness of a powerful sermon,

quite unlike to the manner common in the old Moralities where instructions were conveyed by little more than by blandly viewing living pictures.

Like the other plays of Kennedy, "The Servant in the House" has reaped much criticism from public opinion, some overflowing with praise; some boiling with indignation. The method, the plot, the characters have one and all met with praise or blame, but the fact remains that this play brings out a lesson that is highly important, and, as such, is well worth remembering.

While the old Moralities show excellent material, great piety, and remarkable genius, they, likewise, bear witness to the lack of ability on the part of their authors to visualize these matters in the form of well-drawn and concrete characters. No adverse criticism is due to them in view of this defect; they are rather worthy of esteem inasmuch as by their successes and failures they have paved the way which made it possible for the modern Moralities to arrive at superior dramatic perfection.

—Arthur Schmit, '28.

Unripe for Democracy

In 1776 the American colonies enunciated in their Declaration of Independence the principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." To those whose minds were steeped in the theory of the divine right of kings, this proclamation was astounding. But to those versed in scholastic philosophy and in ecclesiastical teaching, with such leaders as St. Thomas Aquinas, Bellarmine, and Suarez, this principle was a platitude. Long before the Declaration

of Independence, the Church had taught and still teaches, "that political government is a natural necessity for society; that the authority of the legitimate ruler comes from God, and that each of the three forms of government, the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic, or any of the usual combinations of the three forms, is in itself naturally lawful Political authority is derived directly from God by the people, and is by them transmitted, either explicitly or implicitly, to the ruler." (Father John A. Ryan: *The Right of Self Government*.)

Between 1776 and 1848 occurred what is known in history as the Era of Revolution, for during this period most of the European countries, after the example of the American colonies, overthrew more or less permanently absolute monarchism and substituted either republican or limited monarchical governments. That such action was ethical cannot be denied. Whether or not, however, the people were at that time ripe for democracy; whether they were capable of handling governmental functions; whether their minds, imbued with the absolutism of the Middle Ages, grasped the significance of popular sovereignty, may well be questioned.

The American Revolution in 1776 lit the fuse that exploded the revolutionary bomb. With comparative ease a new government was established by and for the people, as the people supposed. That the constitution, our much vaunted document of democracy, was, however, fundamentally reactionary, is a significant fact. The constitution was framed by men who had little or no faith in popular government; it was intended as a democratic cloak for a plutocratic or aristocratic government. J. Allen Smith, in his "Spirit of American Government" observes: Elbridge Gerry considered democracy

the worst of all political evils. Edmund Randolph, in tracing the political evils of this country to their origin, observed that every man in the Convention had found them in the turbulence and follies of democracy. Madison thought that the government ought "to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority." Hamilton wanted to give the rich and well-born "a distinct, permanent share in the government." Consequently the constitution limited suffrage, connived at slavery, made the presidential and senatorial elections indirect, and introduced other undemocratic features. The Constitutional Fathers, therefore, felt that America was as yet unripe for real democracy.

The French Revolution shows to what bloody excesses democracy, thrust upon an unprepared people, may lead. The Revolution began with the cry of a hungry people for bread and ended with the savage shrieks of Marat and Robespierre for more and more aristocratic blood. Within a few years after the Reign of Terror, France forgot about her "liberty, equality, and fraternity" and bowed submissively to the glorious emperor Napoleon. In 1830 the French people again rose in rebellion and planted Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, upon the throne in place of Charles X, whose father the Congress of Vienna had restored to the throne. France was now democratic because Louis Philippe, besides shaking hands generally and giving frequent receptions for the common people, had also granted them a much-clamored-for Charter. At this time a Cevennes peasant woman asked her neighbor: "What is this Charter people are talking about?" "Why" came the answer, "she is the wife of Louis Philippe."

Upon the death in 1825 of Tsar Alexander I of

Russia, who had made an ineffective attempt at liberalism and who then turned strongly reactionary, his younger brother, Nicholas I, succeeded to the throne by special arrangement. But the people shouted for the elder brother, Constantine, lawful successor to the throne. "Long live Constantine and Constitution," they cried, for analogous to Madame Charter, Constitution was the wife of Constantine.

A somewhat pathetic evidence of the unpreparedness for democracy in the early nineteenth century is the revolt of the Blacks in Haiti against King Henry Christophe. King Christophe, a former negro slave, had succeeded the emperor Dessalines "the Tiger" to the throne, upon the assassination of the latter. In 1820, after fourteen years of enlightened, although tyrannical rule, the rebellious army and populace advanced against the palace with the cry "Down with the King! Free rum, no more work—and spoils." Such was their conception of democracy. King Christophe had foreseen the disaster. For years he had in his possession a golden bullet, which was especially prepared for that day. The golden bullet, shot by the King's own hand from his own gun, gave Haiti a long series of democratic disturbances and revolutions.

But in spite of the storms of ignorance, violence, and reaction, democracy has triumphed. Although the world may have been unripe for it at its advent, it has nevertheless slowly asserted itself. And while the presence of such men as Senator Heflin in our government may elicit doubt as to the good sense of the people, the general run of our government lauds the ability of the people. The people's good will is patent, although occasionally their politics may be hazy. Such was the case with the kindly old matron who believed in women's rights and stood for them

strongly. But she held that the nineteen amendments to the Constitution were daughters of the presidents. The eighteenth, she said, was a particularly naughty daughter, as she gave so much trouble that she had herself talked about in a scandalous manner. In spite of her wrong conception of the amendments, this old lady would doubtless have voted against the troublesome daughter. And who would expect more common sense and good judgment from anyone?

Edward Siegman, '28.

The Yellow Hat

Years ago, when robbers were a terror to the highways of "Merrie England," a stage coach was rumbling over the road to London. It was a glorious spring afternoon, and justly so, for it was the eve of Easter Sunday. The fat, jolly driver, whistling a merry tune, urged the four big bay horses onward with a crack of his whip, and then sank back into the seat as if to indulge in his customary afternoon nap. The coach was unusually crowded. There was a party of gentlemen and ladies, all evidently travelling to London to spend Easter in the world's metropolis, while in a rather obscure corner of the carriage, apparently unnoticed, sat two quiet, neat-appearing boys, the only youths among the passengers. They were the proud sons of Esquire Hurst, a wealthy landowner and sportsman, and according to their custom of very recent years, they were travelling to London to spend Easter with their Aunt Emily. The elder brother, Harry, was a lad of sixteen years, and to him had been entrusted the care of Julian, who had recently passed his thirteenth

birthday. Both lads were of sturdy build, and had hardy, forceful faces, tanned from a life in the outdoors on their father's wide estate. Both possessed dark brown hair, and eyes of a similar hue—eyes that radiated courage, honesty, and friendliness.

The coach rumbled on over the smooth country side, and as the passengers became better acquainted, they fell into conversation. But the two little, timid heroes continued to sit as quiet as mice, satisfied to listen and to say nothing. Both eyed the other passengers from head to foot, but soon the entire attention of Harry was centered on one person in the coach. It was the well-dressed lady who was seated directly opposite him. Why had she been gazing at him so often, and in such a curious manner? Or was it only his imagination? He now became restless, and tried to look elsewhere, but his eyes always wandered back to the lady with the pleasing countenance, costly garments, and the bright yellow hat.

The passengers now chatted even more freely than before, and as the highway wended into the densely-wooded and more rugged country, and as the shadows began to cast themselves across the highway, their conversation quite naturally drifted toward the recent robberies which had occurred along that section of the road. All were soon more or less nervous, and several of the passengers gave his or her opinion as to what should be done if the coach were attacked. Of course Harry and little Julian were now most attentive to the conversation, and were straining their ears for fear of missing one single word. Even the strange lady across the way was now entirely lost to Harry's mind. All the wild tales of pirates and highwaymen that he had read in books now flashed vividly through his mind. Up

until this time, he and Julian had not muttered a single word, except between themselves, but now, on the impulse of the moment, Harry exclaimed rather loudly that he had with him twenty pounds which he would hate to part with should the robbers appear. Then the pretty lady in the bright yellow hat, who until now had been more calm than the rest, startled Harry by suggesting that he hide his money in his boots, a bit of advice which he acted upon at once.

Not many minutes later, at a lonely spot along the highway, the robbers actually made their appearance. The door of the carriage was thrown open, and a masked villain demanded money. Thereupon, the mysterious lady spoke up promptly and said, "You will find what you want in that lad's boots." Off came Harry's boots, and away went the robbers, evidently satisfied with their find. Harry and his brother sat speechless and frightened. The passengers were highly indignant, and when asked to explain her seemingly unpardonable conduct, the lady declined to answer, but invited the two youths to dine with her on the following day at her London home. Thinking only of the loss of his twenty pounds, the excited Harry readily accepted the invitation. Seeing that the boy was evidently satisfied, the puzzled ladies and gentlemen ceased their protests; the matter was closed so far as they were concerned, and the coach rolled on toward London.

Unmolested the remainder of the way, the stage finally came to a halt at a quaint old wayside tavern, twenty-five miles from London, where the passengers would spend the night. It was twilight as they alighted from the carriage, and the queer lady in the yellow hat accompanied the Hurst boys into the tavern and gave Harry enough money to pay for the board and lodging of himself and his brother. After

she had bid them good night and departed, Harry and Julian agreed that the strange lady wasn't so strange after all. Her pleasing and friendly manner had won the confidence of the youths, for the three had engaged in a lengthy conversation all the way from the scene of the robbery to the wayside tavern. During the talk, Harry had remarked to the lady that their Aunt Emily would meet them at a certain stage-coach station in London. She had, in turn, told the boys that she had heard a great deal of their father. So the two youthful travellers closed their weary eyes that night, thinking of that pretty lady in the yellow hat, wondering what she would disclose to them on the morrow, and dreaming happy dreams of their Easter visit with Aunt Emily in London.

All were up bright and early on the next morning—Easter Sunday morning—and after a hasty breakfast, the stage coach started off on the last lap of its journey to the big city. London was reached about ten o'clock, just as the last traces of the far-famed fog were rising from that city. Harry and Julian stared to the right, then to the left, and nothing escaped their notice. To them, London was a city of never ending wonders—an earthly Paradise.

When the first coach station was reached in London, the lady alighted from the stage with the two boys. Her own private carriage was waiting there, and the three drove away, leaving the still somewhat indignant and suspicious passengers to wonder and to express their own opinions of the lady's strange actions. Meanwhile, the curiosity of Harry and Julian was without bounds; so much so that poor Aunt Emily was not given one thought. In one hour, they would dine with the gracious lady, and afterward learn the burning secret of her strange action

on the previous day. After pursuing its way through many narrow streets, the carriage finally came to a stop in front of a huge, grim, stone mansion. The three arrivals were greeted at the door by a trio of rather curious-looking gentlemen, who eyed the youngsters in a manner that made them both begin to feel uneasy and out of place. But the friendly lady readily had them feeling quite at home again.

The hour passed rapidly, and soon they were seated in the spacious dining-room, partaking of a sumptuous Easter dinner. All were there—the lady, the two boys, and the three curious-looking men. The conversation during the meal was confined mostly to the long journey, and occasionally the men asked questions concerning the lads' father and his far-reaching estate. Harry talked freely, but Julian sat timid and silent, save on one occasion when he remarked to the pretty lady that the meat was better than any he had ever tasted at home. When the meal was ended, the hearts of the youths were pounding hard and fast, and they seemed to stop with a thump when the little man across the table uttered words which clearly indicated to Harry and his brother that they were no longer in the midst of friends. "Well, Kate, our little trick worked like a clock," he said. "I've sent a messenger to the squire, and if he wants the little rascals he'll have the ransom here before the sun sets tomorrow evening." The kidnapped youths looked up quickly at these startling remarks, and their glances were met by the half-smiling, half-sneering faces of the three men and even by that of the once friendly lady. In that little man's speech, they both immediately recognized the voice that had demanded money from the stagecoach passengers on the previous day. Evidently, he was the leader of the gang. The lads were in-

formed that they would be held until their father had delivered the ransom money, and that any resistance, screams, or attempts to escape would be paid for with their lives.

The two little captives, now pale from fright, sat motionless and speechless, staring blankly at each other. Julian wanted to scream, but resisted the impulse, for fear that the villainous threats would be carried out. Then, at the leader's command, the other two men roughly seized their victims, led them up two winding flights of stairs, and shoved them gruffly into a small, dark, and dingy room. With curses and threats, the door was slammed and locked, and the click of the key seemed to ring loud and long in the ears of the two little captives. The room was stuffy, and totally dark, save where the bright Easter sun peeked through several small cracks in the boarded walls. There were no windows, and escape seemed impossible. Just then, little Julian, who up to this time had held out so bravely under it all, let out a blood-curdling scream. He sobbed for mother, for father, for Aunt Emily; and then followed another outburst of screams and deafening yells.

Back in a neat little farmhouse, in the good old state of Virginia, in the good old U. S. A., Harry Hurst awoke suddenly from a troubled sleep. Startled, frightened, and with eyes wide open, he sprang like a "jack-in-the-box" to a sitting position, and his eyes traced the four walls of his little second-floor bed room. Then he cast a quick glance to another corner of the room, and sighed a sigh of relief, for there was little brother Julian, safely tucked under the covers and sleeping soundly. His eyes

next wandered to the table beside his bed, upon which rested a book—the source of his nightmare. “Confound that book,” he muttered to himself, as the gilded letters on the crimson cover seemed to stand out, to gleam, and to dazzle his eyes—the words which spelled “The Tale of Two Cities.”

“I thought that there was a ‘catch’ to it, anyway,” continued Harry smiling. “I knew that the lady in the yellow hat was too pretty to turn out that way.”

Then another, yet more pleasant thought came to Harry’s dizzy brain. The day was Easter Sunday; it was Easter Sunday morning. The sound of churchbells from the nearby town, and the merry warbling of birds drew him to the window. Harry cast a glance over the fair landscape. What a glorious Easter morning! In the East, the crimson sun was just beginning to peek over the distant Blue Ridge mountains. Easter was indeed in the softness of the air, in the tenderness of cloud and sky, and in the sun’s distant rays. The grass was green, and the maples quivered happily, hens scratched, and cocks crowed lustily. Old “Dobbin” nickered in the barn, and from the meadow came the soft mooing of cattle. It stirred dreamy memories of his early childhood in Harry, and it set his heart aglow with the loveliness of nature and the dearness of his home. Each tiny flower beneath the lads’ window seemed to look up and whisper, “Easter greetings,” while the church bells in the neighboring village now pealed more boldly, announcing to the world that “He is risen!”

—Charles Spalding, '28

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL

Easter is a feast of exceptional joy and gladness. As the angels first announced the birth of the Savior, so likewise were they the first to proclaim His resurrection. "He is risen" reverberates like a clarion call from one end of the earth to the other. Easter Sunday marks the triumph in a life which to the world appeared useless. By reason of this unerring sign, Christ's teaching and doctrine were accredited with divinity, a fact which He most strongly maintained. The deathlike stillness and gloom of Holy Week vanished in the glory of His resurrection; the outcast of mankind proclaimed His infinite

dignity and power. All nature seems to unite in one accord in offering homage to her risen Lord and Savior. Spring has cast a cloak of rejuvenation about nature, and day by day new charms of life and vitality make their appearance. As the fresh life of spring unfolds itself in myriad buds and blossoms, awakening in the human heart sentiments of beauty and wonder, so, too, does the glory of Easter touch the heart of every loyal Christian. His joys blend in wondrous harmony with the majesty of the risen Savior.

"O Risen Christ! O Easter Flower!
How dear Thy Grace has grown!
From East to West, with loving power
Make all the world Thine own."

A glimpse at the history of the United States reveals the fact that nearly all great wars in which this country took part started in April. The War of the Revolution began April 19, 1775; War with Mexico, April 24, 1846; Civil War, April 12, 1861; Spanish American War, April 21, 1898; and the World War, April 6, 1917. At this time, however, it is consoling to note the various movements intended for the maintenance of world peace. That these efforts are really sincere is the cherished hope of every well-meaning individual.

On the occasion of Germany's admission to the League of Nations a little more than a year ago, Mr. Briand of the French Embassy remarked: "Peace, gentlemen, for Germany and for France reigns triumphantly; peace, which concludes a long series of cheerless and discouraging interviews concerning which all the pages of history are silent; peace,

which will dispel in its sunshine the dense cloud of mourning over unappeased suffering—no more resort to arms, no more ruthless and bloody procedure in deciding our controversies!" At the Goodwill Congress which convened in St. Louis recently for the purpose of proposing ways and means for the attainment and development of world peace, resolutions were adopted to effect the abolition of military training in schools and colleges, and the early training of youth for peace by cultivating the spirit of goodwill towards the peoples of all lands, and an abhorrence of all war. Cardinal Mundelein has aptly summarized the sentiments of peace and peace attainment when he writes: "Peace, as we understand it, means forgetting past injuries, resumption of former friendly relations between nations, even as between individuals. Peace means the splicing of the break in the cable, the bridging of the chasm, the rebuilding of the road torn up by war." Expressing the sentiments of America at large, President Grant once remarked: "Let us have peace." This same attitude has found expression in the recent address of President Coolidge on the occasion of the Havana Conference. He says, "Next to our attachment to the principle of self-government has been our attachment of the policy of peace When once American rights have been secured, the people have been almost equally solicitous to respect the rights of others. Their chief efforts have been devoted to the arts of peace. They have never come under the delusion of military grandeur." May the bright guiding star of peace continue to direct America in triumph; to teach her the lessons of true civilization; to foster among her citizens love and happiness, truth and justice.

Library Notes

Afraid of acquiring the taint of provincialism, Americans too often develop a disdain for their native literature. Although this country may not have produced the world's greatest writers or the world's greatest books, it has produced some great writers and some great books. If a reader were to neglect American letters entirely, he would be unwise indeed, in fact he would be almost as unwise as one who would read the works of American authors exclusively.

Through a nation's stories, poetry, and plays, one can arrive at a better understanding of one's native land than through a nation's records and histories. A reading of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" will give one a clearer insight into Puritan character than a reading of many reams of historical documents. It is much more pleasant to be told romantically the story of the colonists' part in the French and Indian War by Fenimore Cooper than by a history teacher; and the humorous tales of the Dutch settlers in New York as told by Washington Irving are to be preferred to any other chronicles of early life on Manhattan Island. If the reader would rather draw closer to his own day, he has but to ask Frank Norris to guide him into the howling maelstrom of the wheat pit. Change the gas-lights to electric lights, and the horse-drawn carriages to automobiles in "The Pit," and Norris's story is of this very day.

It may be because of a morbid desire to peer into another's affairs, or it may be the result (and probably is the result) of a higher motive that let-

ters often rank as high as novels in the field of literature. At all times and among all nations there has been some outstanding collection of letters. These collections range from the divinely inspired letters of St. Paul to the worldly-wise letters of Chesterfield. America's contributions to epistolary literature have been enhanced in the past few years by the addition of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." Any one who has attended boarding school, no doubt, will recognize among one of Mr. Page's schoolboy letters, a letter that many a schoolboy has unconsciously imitated. Just before examinations, young Walter writes to his mother at some length to inform her that the teachers are engaging in a dark conspiracy to defraud him of the grades to which he is justly entitled. The personal touch, which is the true charm of letters, pervades every one of the three volumes. The poignant homesickness that creeps into the letters in which the wornout ambassador describes the old Thanksgiving dinners at the home to which he is once more looking forward, makes any home-loving heart feel a kinship with Walter Hines Page. There are other letters that give intimate glimpses of men who have loomed large on the pages of this country's history, as well as on the pages of Great Britain's history. The humor, vigor, and charm of style of Walter Hines Page's letters place them among the real literature of this country.

Among American writers who should not be neglected, is Ralph Waldo Emerson. At least the First Series of Essays by Emerson, if for nothing else but for their innumerable quotable lines, should be read. Emerson often talks about things admirably, but his reader is just as often at a loss to find out what it is that is so well talked about by Emerson. As a writer of aphorisms and of stimulat-

ing sentences, Emerson should be read; Emerson should not, however, be accepted as a guide to correct thinking or as a model for writing logical, clearly-thought-out essays.

As to the poets of America, the reader will have to make his own choice. He will find that the most popular poets are not always the greatest, but he must not let the popularity of certain poets, such as Longfellow, frighten him away from them. If your favorite is to be Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Poe, Father Ryan, Father Tabb, Dunbar, Bryant, or whosoever you will, well and good; but be sure you know why one poet or another is your favorite. Let your allegiance be not a blind allegiance.

—Thomas Corcoran, '29.

Exchanges

David Belasco says: "Clothes may not entirely make the man—but they round him out, give mute yet eloquent evidence of his social standing and self-respect, provide what we of the Stage call 'atmosphere' and enable him truly and successfully to look the part—always." The garb of the **Collegian** has been repeatedly called to task by our exchanges. While we realized from the start our deficiency in department headings, arrangement, and similar artistic decorations, we are certainly indebted to the constructively critical suggestions of our exchanges for bringing out these defects in their true light. We shall strive to correct our dress is as far as that is possible in the remaining issues, but we feel that the staff of "28-29" will inherit the major part of the correction in this respect. Our sincere thanks to all exchanges for reviews and criticisms.

The Loyola News, the weekly published by Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois, has visited us faithfully during the entire year. It is an interesting, high-class paper, combining journalistic presentation of news with light literary flavoring. Recently the Autumn number of the **Loyola Quarterly** has come to hand. This magazine towers high above most of our exchanges. It embodies artistic beauty, admirable arrangement, varied and learned subject matter. "Disraeli: Adventurer Among the Victorians" gives an intimate, but disjointed picture of the English statesman's life. "America Slumbers On" is a vigorous and timely appeal to Americans to take a more intelligent interest in politics. "The Dead Will It" is an engaging detective story. The familiar setting offsets the difficulty common to all detective stories: lack of originality. The essay on Sheridan reveals a phase of the playwright's genius which is often overlooked, namely, his ability as an orator. The editorials and book-reviews readily measure up to standard. Among the poems, "Moon Spell" and "Those Tulips Knew My Mother" are exceptionally beautiful in sentiment and artistic in arrangement.

The Gothic, issued monthly by the Seminarians of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Michigan, embraces an extensive scope of literary endeavor. The arrangement, however, seemingly lacks plan. The space given to poetry is out of proportion to the size of the magazine. The February issue is entirely devoid of poetry. The travesty on "The Merchant of Venice" is good-natured humor, although somewhat worn-out. There is little room for originality in such deformations. "Vergil, the Messianic Prophet" skillfully treats of a popular theme woven around a favorite poet. The drama section is quite unique. It represents the best of its kind among our ex-

changes. It is doubtless the best department of the **Gothic**. We are pleased to note the introduction of a regular exchange department. May others follow the example!

The monthly perusal of the **Midget Harbinger**, from the Merlini Mission Midgets, St. Mary's Preparatory Seminary, Burkettsville, Ohio, affords us a large measure of pleasure and inspiration. As a product of freshman work, the **Harbinger** ranks high. The reading of its pages, so replete with enthusiasm for the C. S. M. C. ideal, is stimulating. In the March number "The Round-Up" and the poems "Spring" and "The Death on Calvary" are especially commendable. We notice with approval the gradual evolution of the quondam exclusively mission **Harbinger** into a regular school paper, with a generous amount of space still reserved for mission topics. While the importance of the C. S. M. C. mission unit cannot be overestimated, yet its monopoly in the school paper might preclude the possibility of literary work in other fields.

Both the Sophomore and the Junior numbers of the **Black and Red**, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wisconsin, show that these classes are vying to raise the already enviable standard of Northwestern's monthly. "Revenge" is an absorbing story with a fine, unobtrusive moral. The sparkling humor and the anti-climax of "It Happens Once in a While" characterize the story. "The Economic and Moral Consequences of the Thirty Years' War" is a brilliant essay—the best of the two numbers. Its stately, "Schillerian" periods describe graphically and logically the ravages resultant upon the great upheaval. We are pleased to note that the Exchange Department has still its ideal of clean-cut, honest

criticism reflected in its pages. Both the Sophs and Juniors seem to suffer from a dearth of poets.

The Mother Seton Journal, Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Mt. St. Joseph's, Ohio, is a well-balanced paper. Its subject matter displays a pleasing variety. More space might be given to literary pursuits.

The Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio, resembles the **Mother Seton Journal** in many respects. The Forum department is a praiseworthy feature. "School Spirit Through the Paper" is an editorial, that might well be reprinted in every school paper. We heartily agree with the sentiments expressed in the excellent appeal.

The Centric, Central Catholic High School, Toledo, Ohio, is a snappy weekly, devoted principally to news recording. The editorials are timely and pointed. Literary pursuits are undoubtedly concentrated in Central's year book.

The Campionette, Campion Preparatory School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, presents a problem. We fear that it falls below the standard which the renown of a school like Campion warrants. Very ordinary paper is used; advertisements are indiscriminately interspersed among its pages; the literary section is meager; no exchange section is provided for. On the other hand, news events and especially sports are skillfully handled. "Shorty Says" is one of the best features of the paper. Our justification of this review is "his" line: "Success is won by hard blows, not by blow-hards."

Other recent exchanges, which the Collegian gratefully acknowledges:

Purple and White, Assumption College, Sand-

wich, Ontario. Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia. St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois. University of Dayton Exponent, Dayton, Ohio. Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois. Echo, Central Catholic High School, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Burr, West Philadelphia Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Indiana. Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana. Blue and White, Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Locals

The Sophomore Quartet directed by Bart Striker has furnished an enjoyable part of the entertainment during several meetings of the Raleigh Club. When St. Augustine's Parish of Rensselaer celebrated St. Patrick's feast-day with a chicken supper, this quartet obligingly amused those who attended. Dick Smith, tenor, whose tone has promising timber, was especially liked as he sang the solos of "My Wild Irish Rose." The bass section, upheld by Bart Striker and James Conroy, showed considerable depth of tone. Fred Cardinali assisted by Richard Smith filled the tenor section. "The Washington Waddle." Mr. Striker's composition, was several times encored. James Maloney presented several well executed saxophone numbers. The people of Rensselaer hope that they will be afforded another opportunity of hearing this well balanced quartet.

The nervous excitement becomes more intense and possibly more noticeable as the incident approaches. It is a remarkable incident, and the

Seniors lose a trifle of their usual dignity in the face of it. Now the day has come! All is hurry and bustle! And why? Ah yes, it is the day on which the grads are to be photographed. Mr. Brown of the Howard Studio of Indianapolis arrived well re-enforced with several cameras. The work was completed in an afternoon. Soon the proofs were scanned with varied exclamations. Considering the material Mr. Brown had to work upon, everybody is doubtful as to whether an attitude of scepticism or one of optimism is in place.

The Rev. Eugene Omlor, C. PP. S. has assumed the duties of postmaster. Through his experience as assistant to Father Clement Schuette, C. PP. S. he is rendered very capable of performing the many and exacting duties of his new position. Father Omlor will undoubtedly receive the good will and co-operation of the student body.

In order not to congest the business districts of Rensselaer on Saturday, the annual free-day on St. Patrick's feast was postponed to the following Monday. After a pleasurable hike into the country in the morning the students prepared for the usual parade in connection with the St. Pat's Day festivities. Several individuals of the Third Class were cleverly costumed, while the Fourths turned out an ensemble of neatly arranged uniforms. The parade was led by the Senior Class carrying a huge American flag. Having marched through the main streets of Rensselaer and back again to the Palace theatre, the boys immensely enjoyed the film, "The Girl from Chicago," featuring Conrad Nagel whose long absence from the screen has only made him appear more ideal to his admirers. Myrna Loy played the sole

feminine role in an artistic manner. When, after the show, each according to his own taste had assured himself of the fine flavor of well made sandwiches or ice cream, the homeward trek was commenced. After such an energetic day the students felt certain that they had all contributed their share toward properly celebrating St. Patrick's feast. The student body in general, and in particular the committee on the parade headed by Joseph Norton, '28, are to be commended on the fine spectacle which they made possible by the parade. Some consider it the best turn out in recent years.

Under the leadership of Rouleau Joubert, elected last September, the Third Class has been doing splendid work. Meetings are held every second week at which members of the class deliver poetic or prose readings, just as the case may be. The boys thus prepare themselves in an elementary way for their class in expression which they will enter next year. Topics of interest to the class are discussed and settled. Louis Duray and Warren Abrahamson brought credit to themselves at a recent meeting by giving well prepared and interesting pieces. James Maloney also peped up a meeting some time ago when he delivered his chosen topic in a masterful manner. Although other classes have efficient and workable organizations, still the Third Class members deserve praise for the effort which they are making in appearing before the entire class. The boys of the Class are to be commended for their fine spirit as well as for their unusually successful organization.

In the name of the students of St. Joseph's College, the Collegian extends heartfelt sympathy

to Raymond Thieman in his recent bereavement, the unexpected death of his father.

During Holy Week the ceremonies of the Church were carried out with all the solemnity appropriate to that season. The Tenebrae Service was chanted on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. After the Solemn High Mass on Thursday morning the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the repository which was decorated in white. In the afternoon the student body assembled in chapel for the Eucharistic Way of the Cross. On Friday the unusual and impressive "Mass of the Pre-Sanctified" was celebrated with proper solemnity. Throughout the day, individuals had an opportunity of worshipping the crucifix personally. A devotional program from 12 o'clock until 3, consisting of prayers and hymns suitable to the occasion was concluded with the Way of the Cross. The Solemn High Mass for Holy Saturday along with the numerous beautiful ceremonies prescribed for that day marked the formal closing of the Lenten season. On Easter morning, as the bells sent forth their happy tones, another Solemn High Mass was celebrated but it was one of a more joyous nature than were those of the preceding week. The sacristans spared no effort in making all as beautiful and appropriate during Holy Week as possible, and they deserve special praise for their fine work. The choir, too, was present with its usual well-sung selections. The Mass by Gruber, in honor of the Immaculate Conception on Easter Sunday was rendered in a truly artistic manner.

Alumni Notes

The Provincial and Board of Directors of the Community have appointed Father Sylvester Hartman, C. PP. S. to the office of vice-president of St. Joseph's. In this capacity he succeeds the deceased Father Clement Schuette, C. PP. S. The Staff, in the name of the students and of the alumni, offers hearty congratulations to Father Hartman, whose unfailing devotion to duty and intellectual qualifications have endeared him to all his acquaintances.

To follow the career of William Zeller at Campion Preparatory School is to follow a trail of progress and achievement. His accomplishments extend into many fields. Aside from acquiring musical fame, Mr. Zeller has filled executive offices in several organizations; this year his latest triumph is in the oratorical field in which he won honors for Campion by annexing the championship trophy and twenty-five dollars in gold, as first prize, in the state-wide oratorical and dramatic contest for the Catholic high schools and academies of Wisconsin.

The heartfelt sympathy of the faculty and of the student body is extended to Father Koenn in the loss of his sister. The gentle companionship of a sister is a blessing that finds a replica only in things spiritual or divine. The bereavement of Father Koenn is the more keenly felt by the students because his important position as athletic director associates his interests rather closely with theirs.

The Rev. Thomas Conroy, pastor of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Wayne, Indiana, recently favored the college with a brief visit. With Father Conroy were several boys who, apparently, are prospective seminarians.

A cheerful, familiar face will be missed on the campus next Homecoming Day. All the Oldtimers of 1917-1919 remember Joe Kallal, Captain of the Varsity Baseball Team and general favorite with the student body. Joe met a sudden and untimely death just before the Christmas holidays. While engaged as an electrician on a construction job in the Western Electric Works at Chicago, he was hurled over forty feet from a high scaffold to the cement floor below, meeting instant death. Several of the Alumni attended the funeral, which was one of the largest ever held at Ascension Parish, Oak Park, Illinois.

CORRECT SERVING AT THE ALTAR

A long felt need, in the form of a clear, complete, yet economical manual on serving at the altar, has recently been supplied by Reverend Gilbert F. Esser, C. PP. S., Alumnus '18, at present professor at St. Mary's Preparatory Seminary, Burkettsville, Ohio. The booklet is "a detailed description of the manner in which the Church wishes her clerics (altar boys) to acquit themselves of their duties in the sanctuary, based on Wapelhorst's Compendium Sacrae Liturgiae." The rules given are not the tastes or whims of the author, but are the strict regulations of the Church's liturgy. The booklet exhausts every phase of the altar boy's duties. Very clear illustrative cuts and diagrams are inserted to elucidate the text.

The manual will be officially adopted at St. Joseph's College at the beginning of the next school year. Similar action in preparatory seminaries and parishes will insure correct serving according to the wishes and injunctions of the Church, will provide uniformity, and will abolish the rather numerous abuses that

have crept into serving. The Collegian is glad to have the privilege of reviewing this invaluable booklet and extends hearty congratulations to the author.

"Correct Serving at the Altar" is published by the Messenger Print, Carthagena, Ohio.

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The presentation of "Stop Thief" was rendered a difficult and painstaking task because of the skill and facility demanded in the execution of the many intricate details interwoven in the plot. The ultimate result of the efforts of the Rev. Director and of the cast was most satisfactory. While the plot as a whole was comparatively shallow, the comical cues and situations held the audience in a state of laughter and suspense that never completely subsided until the last sentence had been uttered. As a specimen of wholesome entertainment and as an effective exerciser of the funnybone, "Stop Thief," as exhibited by the cast, proved to be superb.

Joseph Hartmann, in his portrayal of the forgetfulness and even childishness of William Carr, was a constant source of merriment. Joseph Norton carried the role of the kind, but nervous Mrs. William Carr very effectively. Edward Charek gave a sympathetic interpretation of the distressed, yet trusting, bride-to-be, Madge Carr. The dutiful and excitable sons, John and Carroll Carr, were well played by Harold Diller and Carl Nieset respectively. Michael Walz did very praiseworthy work as the trouble-making new maid. The performance of Robert Koch as the deluded bridegroom-to-be was flawless. Praise

is due Caspar Heimann for his successful characterization of the excitable business man, Mr. Jamison, while Cornelius Heringhaus played the part of Dr. Willoughby with intelligent appreciation. Carl Longanbach aptly portrayed the religious episcopalian, Rev. Mr. Spelain. Marcellus Foltz in the heavy role of the dubious character Jack Doogan manifested rare talent. The part of the none-too-experienced detective, Joe Thompson, was capably played by Cyril Lauer. Sergeant of Police, Anthony Thoben, and police officers O'Malley, Clancey, and O'Brien played by Leonard Connor, Julius Frenzer, and Roman Lochotzki respectively, as well as Albert Frericks, the chauffeur, deserve their share of praise.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

William Carr	-----	Joseph Hartmann
Mrs. Wm. Carr	-----	Joseph Norton
Madge Carr	-----	Edward Charek
John Carr	-----	Harold Diller
Carroll Carr	-----	Carl Nieset
Nell	-----	Michael Walz
James Cluney	-----	Robert Koch
Mr. Jamison	-----	Caspar Heimann
Dr. Willoughby	-----	Cornelius Heringhaus
Rev. Mr. Spelain	-----	Carl Longanbach
Jack Doogan	-----	Marcellus Foltz
Joe Thompson	-----	Cyril Lauer
Sergeant of Police	-----	Anthony Thoben
Police Officer O'Malley	-----	Leonard Connor
Police Officer Clancey	-----	Julius Frenzer
Police Officer O'Brien	-----	Roman Lochotzki
The Chauffeur	-----	Albert Frericks

Musical Numbers

Love's Enchantment—Losey	-----	The College Band
Song of the Roses—Cornet Solo	-----	Bart Striker

Kujawiak—Violin Solo ----- John Kraus

NEWMAN CLUB

During the past month, the meetings and private programs of the Newman Club have been exceptionally interesting and vivacious. The enthusiasm of the members of the Club has resulted in the appearance of the "Nemanear." The purpose of this monthly publication is to perpetuate the memory of the oratorical and dramatic renditions of the members of the society, and to keep all non-members better informed about the activities of the Newman Club. Elmer Buller as Editor-in-chief, together with Francis Weiner, and Francis Otto as Associate Editors, constitute the Staff of the "Nemanear." After a successful debut last December, the society is undertaking a more difficult enterprise in the presentation of a three act comedy, "Never Touched Me," which will be given on the eve of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 24.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission Unit is determined to wind up a successful year with a surplus of pep and enthusiasm. The Unit, the membership of which has risen from practically eighty members to two hundred and ten during this school year, is putting forth concerted and vigorous effort in aiding the mission spiritually and materially, as well as in educating itself for mission and Crusade ideals. The society showed its confidence in the officers who were elected in September by abolishing semi-annual elections and thus extended their term over the entire year. The meeting of March 3 was followed by an absorbing mission movie: "The Glories of Rome" and also by a two-reel science movie. The essay contest will

have closed by the time that this issue of the Collegian appears. Over fifty members have submitted essays, which are at present being judged by a committee of the Gaspar Mission Unit, St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, O. Results will be announced at the meeting in April. Added interest was created in this contest among the members of the first English class, by the awarding of ten copies of the Crusade Manual, on the part of the Reverend Professor, to the writers of the ten best essays from that class.

The Executive Committee is determined to have a Dwengerite in the Order of Crusade Paladins of the Round Table, according to the plan outlined in recent numbers of the Shield. To help gain the required number of points, the Sacred Heart School, Remington, Indiana, was affiliated as a junior unit. St. Augustine's School, Rensselaer, has also been solicited, and will probably be affiliated in the near future. The affiliating of these units may render a local conference possible in future years. The Round Table Study Club, under the direction of Francis Gengler, is likewise working diligently to have its course finished in time to raise the required number of points. Thus the members of this Club will not only be admitted to the Paladins, provided they perform the required work, but will also help in putting an extra Dwengerite among the Paladins.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

The recent meeting of the Raleigh Club presented many novel and interesting features. Although the customary "smoker" was not in the order of the day, nevertheless there were many redeeming characteristics. The new banner of the Club, in the

college colors of cardinal and purple, was unfolded amidst a burst of cheers from the members. In the near future the banner will be raised to its proper place of dignity and respect upon the wall of the Club. A reprimand delivered to several non-members who had trespassed on the sacred precincts of the Club proved an amusing episode. The faithful and very praiseworthy efforts of the Sophomore Quartet again graced the program. With the experience of several performances to its credit, this quartet is acquiring a certain sureness and ease of rendition that has marked effect upon their audiences. Ethelbert Nevin's "Rosary" and the waltz "Chinese Honeymoon" were a musical treat indeed.

A TRIBUTE (to Fr. Clement.)

He is gone! He is not here!
He took brave leave for a lovlier land,
A radiant blessed sphere,
Where crowned with gold the gallant victors stand.

'T was but yesterday he taught,
And spoke those words of resolution true,
"Dixi, nunc Coepi;" for nought?
No! With startling echo they come anew.

He is gone! He is not here!
He has sailed beyond life's raging sea—
Home, where angels do revere
The one true God in festive jubilee.

John Eby, '31.

Athletics

ST. JOE'S BEST

All Seniors

F. Dreiling, M.	Spalding	Cardinali
F. Ryan	Martin	Dreiling, B.
C. Billinger	Schill	Kienly
G. Anzinger (c)	Barge	Otto (c)
G. Maloney, Jim	Lauer (c)	Grot

All "AC"

F. Van Oss	Weiner	Sanger
F. Hartke	Cross (c)	Boltz
C. Linnenberger (c)	Uhrich	Allgeier (c)
G. Reitz	Peck	Matthews
G. Huzvar	Pollak	Vanecko

All Junior

F. Garza	Nieset, R.	Homsey
F. Siebeneck, T.	Junk	Schnurr
C. Frechette (c)	Follmar	Kelly, J.
G. Maloney, C.	Zarrett (c)	La Noue
G. Schmitt	Gengler	Reineck, H. (c)

All Midget

F. De Mars (c)	Koehn	Kelly, M.
F. Holland	Jansen	Kennedy
C. Toth	Coleman (c)	Mayer
G. Rieman	Maloney, Joe	Bubala (c)
G. Kreinbrink	Snyder	Vichuras, I

The players mentioned above constitute the all-star teams of the school. Throughout the entire season, these athletes have proved themselves to be good players and all around sports, and for these two reasons they deserve special mention. The basketball season just completed was very successful from every viewpoint, and it is the wish of the writer that baseball will be ushered in with the same amount of enthusiasm and pep.

COLLEGE TAKES SERIES

In the final game of the College-Hi series, the College triumphed after a hard struggle, 28 to 21. Both teams played excellent basketball throughout the game. As it was, the game was only decided in the last few minutes of play, when the College players looped two extra baskets for a victory. Ryan, Spalding, and Anzinger were the luminaries for the College, while M. Dreiling, Billinger, and Jim Maloney starred for the Hi-School.

COLEGE 28	LINEUP	HI-SCHOOL 21
Ryan	R. F.	Dreiling, M.
Spalding	L. F.	Grot
Schill	C.	Martin
Lauer	R. G.	Tatar
Barge		Billinger
Anzinger	L. G.	Otto
		Maloney, Jim

Referee, Babin; Umpire, Dreiling, W.; Time-keeper, Reineck, H.; Scorer, Gibson.

FIFTHS COP SENIOR PENNANT

	W	L	Pct
Fifths -----	7	1	875
Thirds -----	6	2	750
Fourths -----	5	3	625
Sixths -----	2	6	333
Seconds -----	0	8	000

Thirds 37—Seconds 16. In a rather lopsided game, the Thirds smothered the Seconds, 37 to 16. The Seconds endeavored to stop the smashing attack of the Thirds, but their efforts proved to be futile. B. Dreiling and Martin of the Thirds, Cardinali and Conroy of the Seconds were the stars of the game.

Fourths 41—Sixths 2. Allowing the Sixths only two free throws, the Fourths walked away with another victory to the tune of 41 to 2. M. Dreiling was high point man of the game. For the Sixths, Lauer and Hartmann played hard to stop the Fourths.

Fifths 32—Seconds 15. The Fifths clinched the Senior pennant by defeating the Seconds 32 to 15. With their team timed to perfection, the Fifths had little difficulty in breaking through the Seconds' defense.

Thirds 30—Sixths 18. By defeating the Sixths 30 to 18, the Thirds secured a permanent hold on second place. The game was rather uninteresting and tame, the only bright spots being the shooting of Martin and B. Dreiling. For the Sixths, Norton and Shenk played good basketball.

Sixths 23—Seconds 20. The final game of the Senior League was very interesting and exciting due to the determined efforts of both teams to secure victory. After Lauer had tied the score by a beautiful long distance shot in the last minute of play,

the game went into an overtime period. A field goal and a free throw clinched the game for the Sixths by the narrow margin of 23 to 20. The Seconds played their best in this final game of the season.

FOURTHS WIN "AC" TITLE

	W	L	Pct.
Fourths -----	5	1	830
Fifths -----	3	2	600
Thirds -----	3	2	600
Sixths -----	1	3	333
Seconds -----	0	4	000

Fourths 17—Fifths 15. In the deciding game of the "Ac" league, the Fourths won from the Fifths, 17 to 15. The score was close during the entire game, and only in the last few minutes of play did the Fourths forge ahead to victory.

Fourths 16—Thirds 12. The Fourths won from the Thirds in the first post-season "Ac" game, 16 to 12. With 6 points to his credit, Van Oss was high point man of this game. For the Thirds, Cross and Sanger starred as forwards.

Fifths 21—Seconds 8. Smashing the Seconds under an array of baskets, the Fifths walked away with an easy victory, 21 to 8. In the first half, the Seconds played on an equal footing with their opponents, but in the final half the Fifths scored at will.

Thirds 20—Sixths 12. Playing their last game of basketball, the Sixths bowed to defeat, 20 to 12. The Sixths were unable to stop the attack of the Thirds, and were also stopped by the Thirds defense. For the Thirds, Kern and Stock showed up in good form.

HI-STEPPERS UNDEFEATED CHAMPS

	W	L	Pct.
Hi-Steppers -----	4	0	1000
Flying Aces -----	2	2	500
Wonder-Five -----	2	2	500
Basketeers -----	1	3	250
Rosenblooms -----	1	3	250

Wonder-Five 27—Flying Aces 14. After dropping their first two games, the Wonder-Five came back strong and defeated the Flying Aces, 27 to 14. The scoring of Siebeneck and C. Maloney of the winners was the interesting part of the game. For the losers, Garza and Junk played good games.

Hi-Steppers 16—Basketeers 5. By defeating the Basketeers 16 to 5, the Hi-Steppers copped the Junior pennant. Since the beginning of the season, the Hi-Steppers have shown themselves to be a neat working team, and their efforts finally secured them the pennant.

Wonder Five 39—Rosenblooms 5. Smothering the Rosenblooms under an avalanche of baskets, the Wonder Five defeated the Rosenblooms, 39 to 5. Siebeneck and Charley Maloney again led their teammates in scoring. For the losers, R. Bihn and Schnurr fought hard to avert defeat.

Flying Aces 25—Basketeers 3. Hitting the basket from all parts of the floor, Garza, with 16 points to his credit, led his team to victory, 25 to 3. Sam Homsey and Zarrett of the Basketeers played good games, but were unable to ring up enough baskets to win.

CELT'S WIN IN MIDGET LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.
Celts -----	6	2	750
Eagles -----	5	3	625
Jokers -----	5	3	625
Arrows -----	3	5	375
Go-Getters -----	2	6	333

Jokers 9—Eagles 7. After trailing during the early part of the season, the Jokers pepped up toward the end and defeated the Eagles, 9 to 7. The game was very close and exciting, both teams doing excellent guarding.

Celts 17—Go-Getters 13. Led by Mgr. DeMars, the Celts defeated the Go-Getters, 17 to 13. Both teams were on edge and anxious for victory, but superior guarding by the Celts aided by better shooting, held the Go-Getters to 13 points.

Eagles 8—Arrows 3. After bowing to defeat to the Jokers, the Eagles came back and won from the Arrows 8 to 3. Excellent guarding on the part of Snyder, stellar backguard of the Eagles, kept the Arrows from scoring many points.

Jokers 15—Go-Getters 11. The Jokers ended the season by trouncing the Go-Getters, 15 to 11. For the winners, Kennedy and Mgr. Rieman played good basketball, while Coleman and Jansen of the losers showed up in good form.

INDOOR LEAGUE STARTED

Merely as a matter of experiment, two Indoor Baseball Leagues were organized this year. The players, however, have been showing exceptional enthusiasm and pep, especially on days when baseballs are

being tossed on the campus. That an Indoor League may be organized every year is a possibility. Several close and exciting games have been played, and it is hoped that these same players will enter into baseball with equal spirit and pep.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

Little Boy: "There's a boy whom I would like to see inside the show."

Doorkeeper: "Who is he?"

Little Boy: "Me."

A little vinegar knows its mother, but its a wise world that knows its pop.

Judge: "Constable, what is this man charged with?"

Constable: "Bigotry, your honor, he has three wives."

Judge: "You should be more exact. What are our evening schools for the police force accomplishing if you don't even know that when a man has three wives he has committed not bigotry but trigonometry."

Rookie: "Why do you call me the flower of the outfit?"

Topkick: "Because you are such a blooming idiot."

Pat: "Airplane poison is the worst kind of poison."

Mike: "How come?"

Pat: "One drop is enough."

Encyclopedia Collegevilia: Prohibitionist: The man who put the 'hip' in hypocrisy.

A: "Did you ever lose any money on fast horses?"

B: "No, all I ever lost was on slow ones."

Truth is not stranger than fiction. We are just not quite as familiar with it.

"What was the closest race you ever saw?"

"The Scotch."

"You keep your office as hot as an oven."

"Why shouldn't I, it's where I make my daily bread."

"I'll bet that fellow has lots of daydreams."

"Why?"

"He's the night watchman."

Lady: "Has the 4:15 train arrived yet?"

Station Agent: "Yes madam. It pulled out half an hour ago."

Lady: "Has the 5:15 train come in?"

Station Agent: "No madam. It's not due for fifteen minutes yet."

Lady: "Are there any expresses due?"

Agent: "None."

Lady: "Any freights?"

Agent: "None."

Lady: "Are you positive?"

Agent: "Absolutely. Why did you want to know?"

Lady: "I just wanted to know if it would be safe to cross the tracks."

Are you a doctor?" asked the girl as she spoke to a clerk behind the fountain in a drug store.

"No, I'm a fizzition."

Son: "Pa, what is a white lie?"

Pa: "That's the kind we get caught at."

Sentry: (First night on duty) "Halt! Who goes there?"

Officer: "A friend."

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Officer: "I said a friend. Don't you know your instructions?"

Sentry: "Sure. I'm to say 'Halt! Who goes there?' three times and then fire."

"Say! Do you know what they call bananas in Richmond?"

"No. What?"

"Bananas."

"When ah hit a man he remembers it."

"You ain't said nothing. When ah hit a man he don't remember it."

A West Virginia darky, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: Notice—De co-pordnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owed de firm will settle with me, and dem what de firm owed will settle with Mose.

Passenger: "Conductor, can't you go any faster than this?"

Conductor: "Yes sir, but I'm not allowed to leave the car."

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